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T H E  
C R I S I S:

BEING

THREE STATE POEMS

On the following Subjects;

- I. The NORTHERN DICTATOR.  
A Dialogue between a HIGHLAND PEER,  
and his Vassals.
- II. On the Reduction and Surrender of the  
HAVANNAH, and Conclusion of  
the late Peace.
- III. CALEDONIA. A Description of that  
fertile and beautiful Kingdom.

Written on the Dismission of the present glorious  
MINORITY. And humbly addressed to The  
Honourable Assembly in ALBEMARLE-STREET.

*Speret adversis, meturat secundis  
Alteram sortem, bene præperatum  
Pellus-----*  
HOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WILLIAMS, opposite Fetter-lane,  
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MDCC LXIV.

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THE  
NORTHERN DICTATOR.

A DIALOGUE between a HIGHLAND PEER  
and his Vassals.

*Cædimur—et totidem plagis consumimus hostem.*  
HOR.

—*Tollantur in altum,*  
*Ut lapsu graviore ruant—*  
JUVENAL.

N EAR Hyde-park-corner soars a lofty pile,  
The envy and the wonder of our isle;  
The royal dome which does in pride excell;  
Where majesty itself might chuse to dwell.  
In each rich pannel, of each gorgeous room,  
In paint, the Northern thistle seems to bloom,  
Whose stem, its pointed prickles proud to shew,  
Threatens to crush each creeping shrub below.  
Half India, each apartment seems to hold,  
Settees, chairs, screens—all rich with burnish'd  
gold.

B 2

Where



Where chandeliers diffuse a radiant light,  
 Restore the day, and chace away the night;  
 The gay saloon presenting to the eye,  
 A firmament of stars—a nether sky.

Here in black swarms his Northern tribes resort  
 Where their mock-monarch holds his royal court;  
 In tatters some, and some in awkward state  
 Press, push, and shove, to enter first the gate;  
 And happy is the mortal, who before  
 The rest, can gain admittance at the door.

Their visiers grandeur all submissive own,  
 Who takes his chair—which some have call'd his  
 throne,

And see the shew begins—(S) my merit small,  
 But as your bounty (Sir) is shower'd on all;  
 Something for my past service I may claim;  
 Noble my birth—and STUART is my name.  
 Well pleas'd, and proud, your orders to fulfil,  
 I battled strongly for your Cyder bill.  
 Conscience, indeed, oft warn'd me to oppose  
 The rigid cruel law, and join your foes;  
 But for my vote, since I receiv'd the price,  
 I scorn'd, or minded not the jilts advice.  
 B—Conscience! a troublesome unwelcome guest;  
 Banish'd long since, from every prudent breast;  
 Warn'd at her peril never to resort,  
 Or dare approach the limits of a court;  
 Saucy her freedom—daring to control;  
 Or dart her stings into a statesman's soul;  
 Long have I learnt her threatnings to defy,  
 And what has she to do with you or I?  
 Each man, if wise, the prating gossip flights,  
 Scorn'd or derided by our *Windfor* knights.

Advis'd



Advis'd her canting idle tales to tell,  
To monks and hermits, dreaming in their cell.

As nature has my generous soul inclin'd,  
Like Heaven, to pity and to bless mankind;  
Open'd my heart, extended wide my hand,  
To scatter plenty round my native land,  
Enrich'd with British gold I send you home,  
To turn each hovel to a stately dome;

Of one poor manor scarce posses'd before,  
This patent leaves you owner of a score;  
The present gift, tho' small, my second letter  
May sign your title to a farm much better.  
S—My honours, how has envious state impair'd!  
A pedlar, heir apparent to a Laird?  
Beneath the scurvy load my shoulders crack,  
All my whole wealth, now lodg'd within this pack;  
'Tis blood and titles that your state adorn;  
O pity one, as nobly bred, and born!  
You must (dread Sir) my hapless lot bemoan,  
Unless your heart is made of steel or stone.

'Tis little from your bounty which I seek,  
For eating—only one half crown a week;  
A chop of mutton for my Sunday's meal,  
The price, ah! much too high, for lamb, or veal;  
A garret for myself, my wife and heirs,  
In a thatch'd hutt, and up a flight of stairs.  
B—Faint not my friend—still keep your hopes  
alive;  
Take this bank bill—on this you yet may thrive!  
This will your charges for a while defray;  
One shirt a week—and three good meals a day;

The

The common fate of man you only share;  
 Now flush'd with joy—now pining in despair,  
 Fortune, her favourite sons does oft betray,  
 As Gideon rich—and beggar'd in a day.  
 Tho' long the envied minion of a crown,  
 One year, one month may sully my renown;  
 Break my white staff, tear off my garter blue,  
 And leave me as despis'd, and poor as you;  
 Nay worse—Whig ruffians may my all devour;  
 And Wilkes's cell be mine, within the Tower;  
 My destiny who has already read,  
 And warn'd me e'er too late, to save my head;  
 Whose quill has shatter'd all my past renown,  
 And brush'd the fairest brilliant from my crown.

But who are those who cringe and crowd my  
 hall?

S—Your countrymen—half-starv'd, and beggars  
 all.

' Who trudg'd it from the Tweed, in hopes to find,  
 ' Your royal self, to ease our wants inclin'd.  
 ' Bare-legg'd we scrambled thro' your honour's  
 door,

' For stockings we, nor our fore-fathers wore;

' For ten long years, I waited (Sir) behind

' Your chair, whene'er in state you supp'd or din'd;

' To hold your silver bason was my place

' On my bent knee, whene'er you wash'd your face;

' I rubb'd and oil'd, and black'd your worship's  
 shoes,

' I curry'd your race horses at the Meuse.

' Behind your gilded chariot long I sat,

' When'er you drove about in royal state;

' To me you oft assigned the weighty trust,

' To clean your *George* and *Star*, when foil'd with  
 rust;

' To

‘ To paint the Scotch device was my renown,  
 ‘ The Thistle always plac’d above the crown.”

B—While my power lasts, no countryman of mine,  
 Without three dishes, shall or sup or dine;  
 Let him be poor and meagre, short or tall,  
 The Treasury is mine—I feed ’em all;  
 ‘ You in my royal kitchen shall preside;  
 ‘ Be you my page of honour, when I ride;  
 ‘ For you as rich a province is decreed;  
 ‘ At Richmond-park, my deer and hounds to feed;  
 ‘ Your office more important—from Versailles  
 ‘ To fetch each week my ortelans and quails;  
 ‘ You friend to Hungary must post away  
 ‘ And bring me home a cargo of Tokay;  
 ‘ A nobler function, *Sawney*, is your right;  
 ‘ Keep you the emblems of my honour bright;  
 ‘ Around my knee and bosom let ’em blaze,  
 ‘ And sting my foes with envy, as they gaze.  
 ‘ Three cover’d waggon you prepare with speed,  
 ‘ To roll my treasures safe beyond the Tweed;  
 ‘ Escorted by a guard, conyey ’em home,  
 ‘ All lodg’d securely in my princely dome;  
 ‘ Drive on, whip on a-pace—the precious load,  
 ‘ The senate else may seize upon the road.

Oh Aylesbury—what viper hast thou chose,  
 To sting my breast, and wound my sweet repose?  
 My past renown who has asunder split,  
 Nor left me scarce one dram of sense or wit.  
 A daring dangerous foe, my nation’s curse;  
 Old Satan’s self could hardly be a worse.  
 Yet let him print on, slash on, cut, revile,  
 I still am safe, while \*\*\* vouchsafes to smile.  
 S—If due regard was paid to martial fame,  
 My merit may some share of glory claim!

This



This sword was broke o'er the *Pretender's* head,  
Which left him sprawling on the field, half dead;  
A deed like this sure claims a just renown,  
Which fix'd on George's head, his tottering crown.

What poor respect do kings to valour pay!  
See me here starving on a groat a day!  
Tho' oft distain'd, and dy'd with hostile gore,  
This sword shall never fight their battles more.  
*B*—And yet the Prince's bravery you must own,  
Who fought so nobly to regain a throne.  
Half his lov'd Scotland tears could not restrain,  
When the dear youth so boldly charg'd in vain;  
For his hard fate their sorrow all attest,  
Wept his retreat—and I, amongst the rest;  
And who could blame me, if I shed a tear!  
One *Stuart* to another always dear.  
*S*—With looks quite sad, his bonnet o'er his eyes  
To Britain's ruling lord a baron flies,  
Who thus—with tears sure every cheek o'erflows,  
While I recount the number of my woes!  
The last dry summer spoil'd my crop of oates;  
The last hard winter kill'd me forty goats;  
Whose milk and venison while the flock remain'd  
Entire, myself, and family maintain'd;  
O, may that cruel fate be never mine,  
Oblig'd, on turnips, and on tripes to dine!  
Fortune! how awful thy capricious power,  
How happy I, and wretched in an hour!  
Once fed in plenty—and reduc'd how soon,  
To dine without a napkin, plate or spoon.  
*B*—accept this order—I have nam'd the day—  
My banker will the sum, I mention, pay;  
At your past losses then no more repine,  
This gift supports you, both to sup and dine.

Sir

Sir Roger, my old friend, I kiss your hand ;  
 My heart you know you always might command ;  
 Some place at Court, I may presume, you want,  
 And nothing you can ask, but I can grant ;  
 My power and interest (Sir) your suit secures ;  
 Speak without blushing—and the post is yours !  
 Sir R—Title you know is but a gaw vain,  
 Without a fund its honours to maintain ;  
 The favour would be great, if you would grace,  
 Your humble vassal, with a Teller's place ;  
 His Majesty, I fancy would comply  
 With your request—*B*—that majesty am I.  
 If one should drop, or one of these resign  
 This rich department—call its profits thine ;  
 When any of my friends my aid implores,  
 I take 'em in by dozens and by scores ;  
 For the king's fiat, Sir, you need not wait,  
 I sign commissions—and my will is fate,  
 Few honours purchas'd from the royal throne,  
 No posts, no titles—but from me alone ;  
 Nor I the first who have such power attain'd ;  
 For *Stuarts* long before have rul'd and reign'd ;  
 The gorgeous plume that does my temples grace,  
 Descending lineal on our Princely race.

Let Britons then my envied state revere,  
 Submissive bow, when they approach my chair ;  
 Our gracious monarch seldom knows the name,  
 Of Generals, Statesmen, rais'd by me to fame ;  
 One rules a province, one commands an isle ;  
 Lifted to grandeur only by my smile ;  
 And who shall dare offend our Northern powers,  
 When Canada, and half the globe is ours ;  
 At home, abroad, by land, and on the main,  
 Who, if provok'd, their vengeance shall restrain ?

Sir R—Long may you reign supreme in fame and  
power,

Each day fresh blessings on your friends to shower;  
You the great polar star, that shines to guide  
Our vessels safe, along the foaming tide.

B—At greatness, tho' I never once aspir'd,  
Fortune has granted more than I desir'd;  
Swell'd my renown with gifts and titles new,  
And my *Green* ribbon changed into a *blue*;

Lent me a power, above each Brittish peer,  
To take my seat—to rule, and domineer;

Who humbly near my awful presence stand,  
Now in, now out—and just as I command;

Let Scotia then enjoy her just applause,  
To slaves in England, now prescribing laws;

S—Five children and a wife, have I to feed,  
Yet scarce one shilling left in time of need;

One acre for potatoes, one for oats—

Will these suffice, to fill seven craving throats?

In pity then your generous help extend,

A wretch relieve, your kinsman and your friend;

B—Whene'er I hear a pensive Scot complain,  
I catch his sorrow, and I share his pain.

In trudging barefoot, tho' your toes are sore,

Thro' dung and dirt, you ne'er shall dabble more.

Soon in rich silks, instead of linsey clad,

Your daughters each shall mount an ambling pad;

Accept this purse—'twill help your debts to clear,

And pay your tradesmen bills, at least a year.

Discharge what sum is to your landlord due;

And portion out your Kitty, Doll and Sue.

No *Scot* shall of my bounty be bereft,

While the Exchequer has one shilling left;

I am no poorer by this noble grant,

The Treasury supplying all I want,

What?



What? tho' its heaps of gold flow in amain,  
It cannot fill so fast, as I can drain!

But hark! whose pensive voice is that I hear?

S—A Viscount's (Sir)—a poor, but high-born  
Peer!

By friends forsook, oppress'd by cruel fate;

My birth and title, all my whole estate.

How gladly would I change (my sufferings note)

My coat of arms for a good broadcloth coat.

Against the cold, this would my shoulders arm;

Better than Peerage, keep my bosom warm;

B—At present, tho' you cannot higher rise,

Would you accept a post, in the Excise!

I own, 'tis little for a Highland Peer,

And hardly worth six hundred pounds a year.

Of greater honour, though you are deserving,

This may, I hope, prevent your Lordship's starving;

For you and yours, each day procure a feast;

Beef for yourself, and trotters for the rest.

S—Must every other Scot your friendship share,

And of your pity, only I despair?

Amongst your pension'd Favourites, I alone,

Forgot, unnotie'd—bowing at your throne;

Tho' you in velvet, I in woollen dress,

One spoon once fed us—and we suck'd one breast;

If foster brothers, then, may be allow'd

Relations, of that honour I am proud.

My mother (Sir) you hardly two foot high,

Your clouts when fould, was chose to wipe you dry;

How priz'd the favour, and how great the bliss,

Permitted oft your milk-white bum to kiss;

Soothing how sweetly your pleas'd nurse's pride,

Whene'er she strok'd your little plump backside;

Some pity, Sir, on her dear Billy take,

Her son, oh think of, for his mother's sake!

B—Fret not yourself—beneath my fostering care  
 Banish all anxious thoughts—and black despair.  
 Alliances are sacred ; and one brother  
 Should always look with pity on another ;  
 At present, will one thousand pound avail,  
 To set you clear, and free you from a jail ;  
 If for a greater sum than this you sue,  
 Confess me generous—see, I make it two.

More lords, I hear, are thundering at my gate,  
 And crowd and press, from me to learn their fate,  
 The close barr'd door none suffer'd to admit,  
 But who are foes, to Temple, Wilkes, and Pitt.  
 All others have my free consent to go,  
 To plot at Clermont, or to dream at Stow.

Bowing Sir Gilbert next appears in sight,  
 A subtle, close, intriguing Highland knight,  
 Levees at Court enjoy his presence most,  
 Who keenly smells out every vacant post.  
 With fawning looks, both hands upon his breast,  
 Who thus his Lord most courteously address.  
 Sir G—My suit, I own, dread Sir, is something  
 bold!

I have a son, not yet ten summers old,  
 Tho' yet scarce able to pull down a trigger,  
 The boy, you know, each year is growing bigger.  
 May soon his pop-gun and his bat throw by,  
 And push with pike and sword, as well as I.  
 Could you a colours for the youth procure,  
 For life, you make his future fortune sure ;  
 He then might either fight, or run away—  
 'Tis much the same—if he receives his pay.  
 I hear a regiment has a Captain lost ;  
 Ah, may I hope, my George may fill his post ;  
 You'll

You'll find him (Sir) if e'er the peace is broke,  
Fight like a Briton—hardy as an oak.

B—Your son's commission shall be ready soon,  
First with a pike, then grac'd with a battoon.  
In church and state my power and sovereign will,  
Spite of my foes, all vacancies shall fill.

More still behind?—sure, by his haughty looks,  
That solemn face I view, should be a Duke's.

He wants, no doubt, a pension or a place,  
Some dignity, that best may suit his Grace.

S—At your tribunal no mean Peer I stand,  
Who fill up every post by sea and land;  
With other noble names I here attend;  
Nor doubt your zeal, to serve a worthy friend;  
With your consent, the Chamberlain's white wand,  
Would look most grateful in a Ducall hand;  
Submission to the throne I need not sue;  
Without the Kings, your Fiat, Sir, will do.

B—Three thousand pounds advanc'd, the place  
secures,

This in prompt payment—and the staff is Yours.

Merit or birth we ne'er regard—the post

Is always his, who bribes and pays the most;

At calculations all of us are nice;

For Generals, Colonels, Captains—fixt the price.

In vain they here solicit, cringe, and fawn,

Without a fee, no Prelate wears the lawn.

All, all must fine, who are successful here,

From the low vile mechanic to the Peer.

More ragged troops each other still succeed!

Say, does my country none but vagrants breed?

One, on his knees, extending wide his throat

For six-pence begs, to patch his greasy coat;

For leather shoes another does implore,

For, ah! they both were made of wood before.

Scarce



Scarce able his ten starving toes to hide,  
 Instead of buckles, with a packthread ty'd;  
 The shabby mantle o'er his shoulders thrown,  
 A soldier's tatter'd trull would blush to own.

This scene disturbs me—yet if I appear  
 Regent of Britain for another year;  
 Supreme in power, if still allow'd to sit,  
 Not crush'd by Holles, nor dethron'd by Pitt;  
 No friend of mine, if born beyond the Tweed,  
 Shall want a jacket, or a bonnet need.  
 Their bread shall be all wheat, instead of oats,  
 Their parks be stor'd with deer, instead of goats;  
 When summon'd to an audience in my hall,  
 Wiggs comb'd, shirts clean, all beaux, and brilliant all.  
 Each shall look spruce, genteel, well dress'd, polite,  
 And each Scotch squire outshine an English knight.

Pleas'd and high raptur'd with their promis'd pay,  
 To their thatch'd huts, all post and scour away;  
 New hats, new shoes, and jackets to provide,  
 And each new stockings for his bare-legg'd bride;  
 Expos'd to every peeping eye before,  
 But never, but on Sundays to be wore.

ON THE  
REDUCTION and SURRENDER  
OF THE  
HAVANNAH;

And CONCLUSION of the late P E A C E.

---Num Lælius, aut qui  
Duxit ab oppressâ meritum Carthagine nomen,  
Ingenio offensi, aut læso doluere metello.  
Famosior Lupo, Cooperto versibus?---  
HOR.

FROM Britain's annals blot the fatal day,  
When her degenerate Statesmen gave away,  
Half the rich fruits of all her battles won,  
In war triumphant, and by peace undone;  
Our laurels whither'd in their fullest bloom,  
Scotch thistles only left us in their room;  
Whose ragged leaves quite shadow our renown,  
For ever plac'd above the royal crown.  
Dreaded no longer our late awful power,  
How happy, and how wretched in an hour!—  
Those

Those wreaths, to purchase which our Generals  
bled,  
Transplanted now, adorn each rival's head;  
Our trophies earn'd by sea and on the main,  
Basely resign'd to Gallia, and to Spain.

Was it by fate, and angry Gods decreed,  
Near Moro's walls our valiant troops should bleed;  
With hostile gore their vengeful weapons stain'd,  
Who fought, who conquer'd—and yet nothing  
gain'd;  
Those plumes from their victorious temples tore,  
So dearly purchas'd by their wounds before.

Say Bourbon! could'st thou ever hope to find,  
A foe so generous, so polite and kind,  
Thy blasted fame so zealous to repair,  
Trembling before, and chill'd with black despair;  
Thy richest isles, no longer thine, detain'd;  
And half thy fleets in Britain's harbours chain'd;  
Once thy defence, thy guardians now no more,  
Their thunders levell'd 'gainst the Gallic shore.

How does it add, proud Scot, to thy renown,  
For a meer shadow, to resign a town!  
A barren clime, ne'er water'd with a shower,  
A Florida—without a single flower.  
Where famish'd Indians never plough nor sow,  
All flame above, and burning sands below;  
(Just such the bargain, and just such our gains,  
For Scotia's hills to quit Dorsetian plains)  
Amidst our triumphs, acting such a part,  
Or weak thy head—or else corrupt thy heart.  
Shall Britain with a smile thy wisdom own,  
A brilliant barter'd for a Bristol stone!

Havannah's



Havannah's towers, which now in ruins lie,  
 Our bravest troops may soon once more defy.  
 Near her strong walls, perhaps by fate decreed,  
 That our bold youth should fall again and bleed.

On France unwilling longer to depend,  
 Spain has in thee procur'd a kinder friend,  
 Who strives her faded glories to regain,  
 Which her weak monarch strove to guard in vain.

How oft does fortune sadden our renown,  
 And change her flattering smiles into a frown?  
 The wreathes which the proud victor wore To-day,  
 Snatch'd from his brow, the next may brush away!  
 Thus the bright sun at eve thick vapours shrowd,  
 Which shone the morn before, without a cloud.  
 And fairest flowers, which opening with the day,  
 Lament, ere night, their beauties stole away;  
 How have yon heavens our mystic joys perplex'd,  
 This hour we conquer, and we weep the next.  
 No laurels blooming on each warrior's head,  
 While the foe triumphs, where the victors bled.  
 To distant worlds who often cross'd the main  
 To fight, subdued,—and ah! to die in vain.

Was it for this, with martial ardour fir'd,  
 In life's first bloom, that gallant Wolfe expir'd?  
 Destin'd alas! a thousand dangers pass'd,  
 'Midst bleeding troops, to faint and breathe his last;  
 Why did the sun, as now he fell, not shrowd,  
 His orb in shades, nor weep behind a cloud!  
 Alham'd to view the hero from his sky  
 In life so brave, so unreveng'd to die;  
 Tho' humbled each, oh! lost, before he view'd,  
 Spain's power suppress'd, and Bourbon's pride  
 subdu'd.

D

In

In vain, brave youth, you lavish'd life for fame;  
 Whose triumphs serv'd but to augment our shame;  
 With hostile gore in vain your weapon stain'd,  
 If peace gives back, what once your valour gain'd.  
 Thus rolling tides, no moment at a stay,  
 Return those waters, which they drain'd away.  
 Our swords now cover'd with inglorious rust,  
 When trembling Gaul lay prostrate in the dust,  
 Her king's weak nerves new strengthen'd by his  
 foe,

Aiding his arm, to strike a deeper blow;  
 With thirst of vengeance prompts his daring heart  
 Again to act the savage tyrant's part,  
 Our bleeding wars again to be renew'd,  
 And conquer'd France once more must be subdu'd.

The manes of the brave in battles slain,  
 Who fought so well, on every hostile plain,  
 Start with surprise, to view those wreaths, all tore  
 From Britain's brow, their swords had won before.  
 Pensive, in bowers of bliss, they all complain,  
 Their wounds were felt, and bosoms bled in vain;  
 Scarce in Elizium, with one joy possess'd,  
 Long fam'd, to leave their favourite isle unblest.  
 Tho' conquerors, her sons in fables clad;  
 The vanquish'd smiling, and the victors sad.  
 But hark!—the trumpets strike each raptur'd  
 ear,

And tell us Peace, a stranger long is near;  
 Loud and more loud the thundering cannons roar,  
 And waft the joyful news from shore to shore;  
 Our swords no longer now with slaughter stain'd;  
 Grim Mars at length in brazen fetters chain'd;  
 While each transported heart, quite raptur'd glows,  
 That Britain now is freed from all her woes.

But

But say—does every eye attest its joy!  
Or peace abroad, domestic peace destroy?  
Tho' bearing our thanksgiving to the skies  
The tower and all her guns, oft tell us lyes;  
And while in triumph the gay court \* appears,  
The pensive city may be whelm'd in tears.

Our bloody wars now ended, see how well,  
She strives in zeal, and duty to excell!  
Each bellfry dumb, and each disloyal steeple,  
Without a peal, and silent as the people;  
Rockets and bonfires no one street illumine,  
Cheapside, one dark and melancholy gloom;  
The guns now roaring, as the Court commands,  
How quiet, and how still the city bands!  
No greasy night-caps up the welkin toss'd,  
To hail that peace, recovering all we lost;  
Just thus a squib, while fluttering up the skies,  
Cracks, bounces for a while—then stinks and dies.

Say, why is all the tatter'd rabble mute,  
No blessing pour'd on their great patron B—te?  
The guardian who their freedom has restor'd,  
His'd at the Change, and at Whitehall ador'd;  
Ungrateful citizens! ah! hide your faces,  
Unworthy of your furs, your chains and maces;  
No sumptuous ball provided at Guildhall,  
Unshav'd, undress'd—behind your counters all;  
A few small farthing candles, all the light  
From a few windows, this rejoicing night;  
No tower its sweet harmonious changes rings;  
While owls the concert join, when Mallock sings.

Blest Peace! short healer of our bleeding scars,  
The parent of more fierce destructive wars!

\* No rejoicing in the City, the day Peace was proclaimed.



Which, ah! too soon, our dangers has renew'd,  
Each vanquish'd realm, again to be subdu'd.  
See Dunkirk's threatening undemolish'd towers  
Still bid defiance to Britannia's powers;  
Gaul's fleets repair'd, resolving to regain,  
Tho' once our own, the empire of the main!

See Canada with savage legions swarms,  
Whets her dread sword, and points her poisonous  
arms;  
View the sad scene! and tremble to behold,  
In blood and death our gasping subjects roll'd!  
Each sanguine vale th' unpitying murderer stains,  
Pour'd out in torrents from their gushing veins;  
With tortures rack'd, solliciting the sky,  
In vain implor'd, the wretched power to die.

See, from their lov'd retreats what numbers roam,  
In distant regions sought a kinder home;  
Famine and meagre want attend their flight,  
The moon's pale glimmering orb, their only light;  
No rest in sleep; in dreams who seem to view  
Closely behind the bloody foe pursue;  
No friend, their helpless sufferings who bemoans,  
While savages enjoy their dying groans.

See the sad mothers, overwhelm'd with tears,  
Their infants bleeding on keen Indian spears;  
Each who survives the savage tyrant's rage,  
Whose sighs, perhaps, awhile his wrath assuage,  
Pallid and faint, in death expiring lies,  
And on its parents pensive bosom dies;  
While drop by drop, flow from its purple veins,  
Stream out, its feeble ebbing life's remains.

From

From our pacific schemes, such, such our joys;  
 Since realms the war had spar'd, our peace destroys,  
 Yet leagues eternal join each adverse power;  
 How long to last?—eternal, for an hour!

What thanks, proud Scot, are to thy conduct  
 due?

Thy Peace scarce sign'd, which does our wars re-  
 new.

See the fierce Indians thronging every plain,  
 In Britain's blood their weapons to distain;  
 Scalp'd victims pouring out their dying cries  
 In vain, to deaf, and unrelenting skies.

Supreme at Court, tho' suffer'd long to shine,  
 England tho' lost, yet Scotland still is thine;  
 That nurse of vagrants, the most proper sphere,  
 For tyrants to exult and domineer.

Yet ah! lament thy swift declining power,  
 The smiles of heaven all changing in an hour,  
 Suppress thy pride—what fortune gives To-day,  
 The goddess the next morn may snatch away;  
 From her first favourites oft does she resume,  
 The statesmans staff, the haughty warrior's  
 plume;

The star and ribbon from the general wrest,  
 Now proudly wore and blazing on his breast.  
 The keen broad swords, tho' long thy nation's  
 boast,

Blunted their points, their edges now have lost;  
 Festering the scars, and yet unclos'd remain,  
 Once wept *Colloden*, on thy fatal plain;  
 When *William's* steed exulting bounded o'er  
 The sanguine field, distain'd with rebels gore;  
 The flying foes, impatient to pursue,  
 Till well aveng'd the heroes whom they slew.

But

But see, to banish all our nations tears,  
 On Britain's throne a British king appears;  
 His country's safety, honour and renown,  
 Preferring to the lustre of his crown;  
 What tho' his fleets his conquests wide extend,  
 And prostrate monarchs at his foot-stool bend;  
 Yet if he hears his injur'd Isle complain,  
 He feels her sorrows, and he shares her pain;  
 Of every other glory tho' possess'd,  
 Fear'd by his foes, and by his subjects bless'd;  
 'Midst all the lustre, beaming from his throne,  
 Its secret pangs his bosom still does own,  
 His inward peace, which does each hour destroy,  
 To think one Britain lives without his joy.  
 The royal diadem the sovereign wears,  
 To awe the world, the scepter which he bears,  
 Imperial trifles—till he views his Isle,  
 Whenever sad, again resume a smile;  
 With pitying zeal, exerting all his power  
 From every eye to wipe the falling shower;  
 Whose anxious bosom does its pangs reveal,  
 To view, and weep those wounds he cannot heal,

Let then our hope, our jealous fears survive;  
 Despair is guilt—our monarch while alive.

CALADONIA;



# CALADONIA:

## A P O E M.

*Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus  
Detrahere et pellem, nitidus, quâ quisque per ora  
Cederet introrsum turpis? Hor.*

*Ridiculum, acri  
Fortius & melius magnas plerunque secat res.  
Ibid.*

**T**HY rugged hills now, Scotia, meet my  
eye;  
Steep as the Alps, as towering Atlas high;  
Hither in crouds each morn thy bards repair,  
To suck in, and imbibe a purer air;  
No cloud or vapours on their summits seen,  
With stomachs, like the æther sharp and keen.  
Castalian springs, no more thy poets need,  
Inspir'd as well by waters of the Tweed;  
With heavenly raptures which each bosom fire,  
Their bagpipes sweeter than Apollo's lyre!  
How soft, to dance when milk-maids they invite!  
How martial, when they rouse thy sons to fight!  
Yet see thy clans in crowding numbers fly,  
To bask in, and enjoy a warmer sky;

From

From North to South their eager flight pursue,  
 In pye-bal'd jackets, and in bonnets blue.  
 From huts, not lighted by one glassy pane;  
 A hovel thatched, the palace of a THANE;  
 One smoaky room, a kitchen, buttery, hall,  
 A yeoman's lodging, and his cattles stall;  
 Where lovingly together they are fed,  
 The floor their table, and clean straw their bed;  
 Here each by each together grunt and snore,  
 Nor wish from favouring Heaven one blessing  
 more.

Contented with their home, and homely fare,  
 Skreen'd by two wooden shutters from the air.

No roast meat here the curious taste regales;  
 Where famine every meagre visage pales;  
 No venison, by a greasy cook-maid drest,  
 Where a large turnip is a Sundays feast;  
 A dumpling added to enrich the cheer,  
 A gawdy, for the proudest Highland Peer;  
 On these her hungry nobles dine and sup,  
 Oatmeal their bread, the springing well their cup,  
 On whose bleak hills no pear or apple grows,  
 The Autums product-nought but crabs and sloes.  
 No harvests waving on their barren fields,  
 Three sheafs of oates one acre hardly yields.

The lady of a Laird, Oh! cease to mock,  
 Who once a month, ne'er fails to change her  
 smock;  
 Polish'd her skin, her hands quite clean and  
 sleek,  
 Washed in her tub, at least three times a week;  
 Her board, a joynt stool, nicely scour'd by noon,  
 But ah! without a napkin, plate, or spoon.

Our

Our laws some traytors hang, and some be-  
 head;  
 Others in exile doom'd to beg their bread;  
 But could our learned senators invent  
 A *Scot* to plague, the forest punishment,  
 An axe or gibbet would not fright his eye  
 So much as doom'd at home, to live and die;  
 The happy Fugitive, if forc'd to range  
 In any other clime, would bless the change;  
 'Twould be a bliss, constrain'd abroad to roam,  
 Whose greatest curse, is banishment at HOME.  
 No sunshine to enjoy, depress'd with woe,  
 Amidst his barren Wildes, and hills of snow,  
 Where Spring ne'er smiles, where lakes but sel-  
 dom thaw,  
 A barn his palace, and his pillow straw;  
 No rugg or blanket o'er his shoulders laid,  
 Cover'd with nothing but his rugged Plaid;  
 (The realm, how frugal; the expence how small)  
 Which serves for curtain, boulder, quilt, and all.  
 For geese are seldom known their down to spread,  
 To soften or to warm a Highland bed;  
 No feathers bought, to lull a Scottish eye  
 In slumbers, if his hutt is close and dry.

Barwick! keep back thy clanns from passing  
 o'er  
 Thy bridge—or never hope to see 'em more!  
 (In paradise once lodg'd, for who would dwell  
 In sulph'rous flames, returning back to Hell?)  
 Doubly infected all the leprous train,  
 With their own country itch, and itch of gain.  
 Half our rich islands, now by Gaul possess'd,  
 With all her losses Britain had been blest,  
 Had Scotland been resign'd, among the rest.

E

Remov'd



Remov'd far off beyond the Scythian snow  
 The Nile, the Ind; the Ganges, or the Po;  
 Pent in the freezing, or the burning Zone,  
 In any world—at distance from our own,  
 Secure our island then, and blest indeed,  
 Had oceans parted us, instead of Tweed.

The Dofrine cliffs once more arrest my eyes,  
 Where hills o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps arise;  
 Whose tribes the barren harvest scarce maintains,  
 And ill requites the starving peasant's pains;  
 Each meagre tenant happy and content;  
 In oatmeal, and in oates, to pay his rent;  
 Treasures, his sovering Laird preserves with care,  
 To carry to the nearest Highland Fair;  
 With joy returning, with two guineas dear,  
 The product of his mannor, for a year.  
 His noble sons in a bleak garret nurst,  
 Half cloath'd, half fed—and scrambling for a  
     crust;  
 His bride much neater, who has shoes and  
     staves,  
 And stockings—to be wore on holy-days.  
 When his three daughters, Bridget, Doll, and Sue  
 For white clean linen, change their aprons blue.

What does that black and low'ring cloud por-  
     tend,  
 Which threatens the affrighted skies to rend?  
 Southward it drives, the Tweed and Humber  
     past,  
 To break sad Britain, on thy coast at last.  
 Not a red fiery comet, blazing o'er  
 Our heads can scare, or terrify us more;  
 Denouncing as it flames, tho' distant far,  
 To nations famine, pestilence and war;

See,

See from the North, what tatter'd legions throng,  
 Like wintry showers, by tempests drove along;  
 Nor streams, nor boggs, nor rocks their progress  
 stay,  
 Rapid their course—and G—b—I leads the way;  
 Uncloath'd, unshirted—naked to the knee;  
 As rude, as rugged, and as rough as he.  
 Destin'd by fate, and Heaven's malignant smile,  
 Soon to controule, and lord it o'er our isle;  
 Whom servile Britain should one day adore,  
 A fame by wizards long foretold before.

Pressing each other, see the vagrants roll  
 Shoulders half bare, and shoes with half a sole;  
 Southward they pour along, and urge their way,  
 Where Englands Winter is a Highland May!  
 Pads, Pedlars, Parasites—ignoble names,  
 Who battle now for George, and now for James.  
 For their dear Charles now roaring out a song,  
 Soon one to their right king—now right, now  
 wrong;  
 Loyal and treacherous—false and true by fits,  
 Just as the maggot bites, and humour hits.

Britons! why envy'd your dictators power  
 Why wish'd the long implor'd, the happy hour,  
 By pitying heaven, and destiny decreed,  
 To turn his staff into a broken reed.  
 What tho' not vested with supreme renown,  
 Subjects may act the king without a crown;  
 Dictate new laws, prescribe, direct, command,  
 No royal scepter waving in their hand;  
 Keep in, turn out—and at their sovereign will  
 Empty the nation's purse, their own to fill.

Hear,

Hear, and attend his voice—‘ you post away;  
 ‘ And you, my friends, at my throng’d levee  
     stay  
 ‘ To share at once new titles, posts, and pay.  
 ‘ Gaily accouter’d now with princely vails,  
 ‘ Shirts to your backs, and breeches to your tails;  
 ‘ While each the others grandeur does admire,  
 ‘ Their ragged Plaids now chang’d to rich  
     attire.

‘ Our treasury you all shall soon behold,  
 ‘ Replenish’d with full heaps of English gold;  
 ‘ And guineas, which did ne’er before appear,  
 ‘ Save, in the pocket of some wealthy Peer,  
 ‘ Shall shine, long strangers, and each Eye de-  
     light;  
 ‘ Nor two-pence pay’d, to view so odd a sight;  
 ‘ O, your Boufets, rich china vessels rang’d;  
 ‘ And all your wooden spoons, for silver chang’d.

Poet! in time, suppress thy angry spleen;  
 Tho’ keen thy satyr, statutes are more keen.  
 A summons to the bar, one fatal Writ  
 Will be too hard for twenty sheets of wit.  
 Be cautious then, and tremble at the laws,  
 Arm’d with envenom’d fangs, and harpy claws;  
 The dangerless, to vent thy little spite,  
 Against a Sovereign, than his Favourite;  
 The one may pardon—but despair to live  
 Uncrush’d,—for ’tother never will forgive,  
 Till thou has felt his sharp resentment’s sting;  
 A Mortimer more dreaded than his King.

Her Guardians lost, must Britain then deplore,  
 Is Heaven to smile upon her realm no more?

Her



Her helm of government to guide and steer,  
 Say, can we boast no honest upright Peer?  
 Or must we summon in our time of need,  
 Some abler pilot, nurs'd beyond the Tweed;  
 To waft our Fleets beneath remoter skies,  
 And guide 'em safe along, when storms arise.  
 Shall generous noble Holles then complain,  
 His zeal forgot—his treasures spent in vain!  
 The steady guardian of our rights design'd,  
 True to his Prince—tho' to himself unkind.  
 Plac'd or un plac'd, whose Country still shall own  
 Those virtues, only to himself unknown.  
 Which tho' in shades now veil'd, shine always  
 bright,  
 And through a gloom still dart a glorious light.  
 His beams yet unimpair'd, to us but one,  
 His early rising, and his setting sun;  
 As Heavens great Orb, each eve when it declines,  
 With rays more bright, and fairer lustre shines,  
 Tho' vapours for a-while his beams may shroud,  
 It soon breaks out, and bursts the shattered cloud;  
 Resumes its glory—drives the fogs away,  
 And pours around the world a flood of day.

Thy Patriot schemes by every voice approv'd,  
 Thou, by each honest British heart lov'd;  
 In fables while thy pensive Isle appears,  
 Once more, oh P——t, dry up the nations tears!  
 By thy wise councils, and thy zealous pains,  
 Oh strive to save our Empires poor remains.

Thy faithful courage dare again resume;  
 From the Scots brow, brush off his withering  
 plume;  
 By thee retriev'd our Islands lost renown,  
 Add a new lustre to thy Sovereign's crown;

Its

Its antient glory then our realm shall boast,  
When wisdom has regain'd, what treachery lost.

As in the orient gem the flame is one,  
Both in the rugged and the polish'd stone;  
Thus equal in each scene thy fair renown,  
When fortune smiles, and when she wears a  
frown.

Thy long try'd virtues in each change admir'd,  
Shining in senates, or from Courts retir'd.

Like thine, thy rivals Tully's varying fate,  
Whose Eloquence oft sav'd a sinking state;  
Each Roman bosom not asham'd to bleed,  
Cursing that voice, his exile which decreed.  
Each grateful cheek a solemn sadness wears,  
Witness'd by plaintive sighs, and gushing tears;  
The \* tribune loaded with inglorious shame,  
That strove in vain Rome's guardian to defame;  
Who, while ten thousand eyes his loss deplor'd,  
Retir'd, lamented—and came back ador'd.

In vain does Cavendish to shades retire,  
Since Factions envy lifts his glory higher;  
In life's each scene, we view the upright Peer  
Belov'd, rever'd—and to his Country dear;  
Nobly rejecting honours from the throne,  
If, when enjoy'd, they serve to cloud his own;  
The smile of Courts, alluring to the vain,  
The proud may doat on, which the wise disdain;  
Thou, in each change of fortune, still the same,  
Whose staff resign'd, takes nothing from thy  
fame;

Thus vines, when cut, with richer juice abound,  
And gather strength, and vigour from each  
wound.

\* Clodius.

Shall

Shall Temple to his rural seat retire,  
 Nor ſenates more his manly ſenſe admire;  
 Deplore a guardian loſt, and ſtow alone  
 Enjoy the ſtateſman wanted near the throne?  
 In freedom ſane tho' raptur'd to behold,  
 Illuſtrious names, and ſages ſam'd of old,  
 Shall theſe his ſolemn thoughts by turns engage  
 The Solons, Scipio's, of a former age,  
 Whoſe venerable buſto's ſtill conſpire  
 To warm his breaſt with their own patriot fire;  
 Yet oh! when dangers threaten and alarm,  
 Let Heroes dead, no more invite or charm,  
 When Britain calls her bold and zealous friend,  
 Cruſh'd by her foes, her freedom to defend.

Reſume the patriot, then, and nobly ſtrive,  
 To keep our half-expiring hopes a live;  
 Fear is a weakneſs, ill becomes the Brave;  
 When courage might a bleeding nation ſave;  
 Retrieve its antient fame and paſt renown,  
 And add new luſtre to her monarch's crown.

Major



Major & Minor  
Epigramma ludicrum.

Nunc trux, nunc ridens, Fors quam versatile numen?  
 Quæ subito attollit, deprimat, odit, amat.  
 Si volet, hæc pauper fies de consule Rhetor;  
 Si volet, ex turpi Rhetora, consul eris.  
 Splendidior Buto, ploras nunc flebilis Iru;  
 Esuriens hodie, cras bene cinctus eques.  
 Egreditur patriâ Scotus, pannosus, egenus;  
 Veste carent humeri---stant sine calce pedes.  
 Armiger, autor Comes, regis nunc turget in aula,  
 Vix, pulebro ornatus Symate, rege minor.  
 Ecce hilaris, cernens oculis mirantibus aurum,  
 Noster ubi innocuo Georgius are micat.  
 Dona suis ignota diu, trans littora Twedi  
 Dum gazas Britonum duce reportat onus.  
 Ne placeas tibi, Scote, nimis---rota ludicra Portis  
 Axe heu, instabili, volentur assidue.  
 Pergite, Calocolis, vos o charissima corda?  
 Mox, minor (et vati credite) major eris.

F I N I S.



